

these able critics I received the subjoined courteous and interesting replies. I wrote to these gentlemen as follows:—Dear Sir,—Might I presume on your intimate acquaintance with the works of Shakespeare and your well known courtesy to those seeking your aid, to ask you a question? To my mind, one of the finest passages in the writings of our poet is in King Henry the Eighth, act 3, scene 2, in the advice of Wolsey to Cromwell:

"Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;
"Corruption wins not more than honesty.
"Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
"To silence envious tongues. Be just and fear not;

"Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
"Thy God's and truth's."

Now I am thinking of printing these lines on sheets of cardboard for wall mottoes. Will you kindly give me the correct punctuation of these verses; and also tell me, in brief, the meaning, according to your view, to be conveyed in the line—"Corruption wins not more than honesty." Pardon my trespassing upon your time, but I know that it is holiday time, or nearly so, with you at this season. Very truly yours,

RICHARD J. WICKSTEED.

To this Dr. William Clark replied as follows: My Dear Sir,—I have much pleasure in answering your kind inquiry. I quite agree with you as to the marvellous beauty of the passage you quote. With respect to the punctuation, yours is the same as that of the Henry Irving Shakespeare, except that this and all the English editions have a comma after "God's." Several editions have after "last" a colon, instead of a semi-colon. I prefer this pointing. Several editions have a full-stop after "fear not." I also prefer this. Some editions have a full-stop after "hate thee." I prefer your punctuation. "Corruption wins not more, etc." seems to be the converse of "honesty is the best policy," only expressed with more energy and elevation. The whole passage is a beautiful paraphrase of the gospel law of love and unselfishness, "He that saveth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life shall save it." We must die to live. You will see this thought beautifully worked out in Caird's book on Hegel (towards the end) in Blackwood's Philosophical Classics. Yours most truly,

WILLIAM CLARK.

Dr. Clark Murray answered as follows:—My Dear Sir,—I regret that your letter did not reach me before I left Montreal, as here (Cap a l'Aigle) I am away from all books, and I should like to have consulted a good edition of Shakespeare. But you have the Parliamentary library at hand; and though I do not suppose it is rich in Shakesperian literature, I have no doubt it contains one or two editions of the poet that are serviceable for ordinary purposes. As to the punctuation, there is a certain latitude in the practice of different writers and of different readers in printing offices; but I do not think that any material improvement would be made by altering the punctuation you have adopted.

With regard to the second line, I take it to be a paraphrase of the proverb, that honesty is the best policy. Corruption does not in the long run gain for any man more than can be won by honest dealings. I fear that you may find that you have done me an unmerited honour in according to me any particular Shakesperian scholarship; but it is the principal pleasure of my life to place at the service of others whatever information I have. Thanking you for your courteous expressions, I am, yours very truly,

J. CLARK MURRAY.

A RESIDENTIAL HALL.

To the Editor of The Week:

Sir,—It is gratifying to note the number of reputable journals concurring with you in the opinion that intellectual culture is not prejudicial to industrial pursuits. This higher education, now passing through the ordeal of discussion, has been participated in for the past

ten years by a small, but yearly increasing, number of the women of our Province. Their coming to undertake the secluded, arduous work of student life for the four years' course of the universities, at an age when social pleasures are most inviting, shows that they and their friends appreciate the benefits of advanced education and have no fear of undesirable consequences. Doubtless, too, when this application of extended mental training has been a matter of sufficiently long experience for a summing up of results, our educated women will be found not the less, but the more, disposed to sweep a floor or order the house as by God's laws.

We shall not need to wait for centuries more ere the character of its fruit be seen, although woman's advance to-day to share man's highest educational privileges is but the slow blossoming in this nineteenth century epoch of the seed divinely implanted at creation. The shaping of the fruit may be discerned while the petals are yet unfolding, and the indications so far do not justify the fear sometimes expressed, that injury to woman's health and a distaste for domestic duties would ensue from her pursuit of academic studies. The number of women graduated from our Provincial university is not yet very large, and the time is short, but the disposition shown by these few in the regulation of their lives indicates what is likely to be repeated with few exceptions by the larger numbers during the years to come. The present university women show all the signs of physical vigor in the energy with which they pursue tennis and other developing exercises. They go through the successive years of study and examination with fewer collapses than their sturdy brothers. Graduation over, they return with zest to the occupations of the home circle, bringing into it a world of new interests; some fill teaching positions, earning a livelihood as they would have been doing had they not received the higher education and the better equipment; others are finding happy anchorage in homes of their own. No regrettable departure from the established order is noticeable. On the contrary, a recent movement of these graduates towards the building of a college home for their successors in the undergraduate course, who must leave home to attend lectures, shows the enduring instinct in woman's breast that her fitting sphere is in conserving and extending home attractions. This is one small leaf upon the waters showing in what direction the tide of this higher education of women is carrying us. It is pointing to the safe harbour of more intelligent and therefore happier homes.

The dire prophecies as to effects on woman's character certainly pay tribute to the exceeding power of education. In the process of her mental training it was expected her emotions would atrophy and all the sweet charities of her nature wither. We should have a creature self-assertive, self-absorbent, altogether so self-centred as to have no distinctive womanly characteristics. The women graduates are giving us the earnest of better things in the exercise of their right royal womanly prerogative to make smoother for others, by removal of material hindrances, the road to learning. They show the grace of home benevolence extended to those whom they recognize they ought to love, and whom did they know they would so esteem, "instructed that true knowledge leads to love." Therein is the *esprit de corps* of higher education. We may see its power to deepen the feeling of obligation, to quicken the sense of duty, in the spirit of these graduates who are setting themselves to the task of sending on to others, bettered by their own sacrifices, the educational privileges opened to them.

A limit to the beneficent power of education there is, it must be confessed, if no resource is found in all its stores than can transmute the high concept into the solid material necessary for its concrete embodiment. The alumni of the Provincial university may well be moved by a wholesome envy of the women graduates who are thus early called to the duty of self-help before breathing deeply the lotus air of governmental fostering,—called early too to seek a way for the crystallizing of their altruistic visions before these dissolve in the

thin cold air of worldly calculation. No great financial power is seen in reserve to promote their decisions, yet, into the counsels of these women the paralysis of doubt is not permitted to enter. As they recall the philippics launched against their admittance to lecture-rooms, from noble opponents who were conquered ere convinced, and remember the long, slow procession of petitions before their first purpose was achieved, they come with a firmer confidence to this subsidiary aim of fixing a residential hall on college grounds. The woman graduate sees her name written fair upon college records with the imprimatur of the university to her scholarship, and, as she reads its history in the pleasant days of idleness put from her to welcome long hours of laborious study, she realizes that its place there was not too easily won. She may well be jealous for the lustre of its setting and give herself no surcease of endeavour until her alma mater stands equal to other progressive universities in its equipment for her especial needs. From the spirit evinced, it may be looked for, that no woman graduate will rest content until at least one shapen stone from her hands finds its place in the graceful edifice that shall be seen to stand in college precincts, voicing the alumna's welcome to its homelike shelter for the young matriculant. Large benefactions may not come to encourage this work, but, by the quiet, magnetic drawing to her object of the good-will, the active sympathy and the willing contribution of the friends of education, the end will be attained. She will gather the material to her purpose in simple, unregarded ways, in unrecorded acts of service, from influences unrecognized or felt and forgotten, always in the sustained effort of the spirit that sweareth to one's own hurt and changeth not. When this women's residence is completed, the alumna will have a substantial result from the intangible forces that lie in education, and she may see the process in the figure of the myriad-crested waves, each rising to catch a beam of the friendly beacon light, each in turn surrendering it to its successor, until a broad and widening pathway of radiance extends far out upon the night-enshrouded sea. Yours truly,

VERNA.

A MILKING SONG.

I.

Along the path, beside the eglantine,
And at his heels old Rover,
Robin merrily moves where browse the kine
Amid the sweet white clover;
At the dim wood-edge strawberries shine
Set in many a tangle,
From the swamp ring the chime o' the milking
time—

The veery's clingle-clangle.

Hie there, Cherry!

Brindle, trudge along!

Bell, in echo, answer

Back the veery's song!

II.

Across the rippling, lush green oats
The meadow-larks are calling,
A thin cloud over the new moon floats,
The early dews are falling,
Yet Robin stays not to count the stars
That lightly gild the heaven,
For see, he's letting down the bars,
And home the cows are driven!

There no longer linger

Roan wi' the white face;

Daisy dear, remember

The old milking place.

III.

Who is tripping in twilight down the lane
Mint 'round her kirtle clinging?—

Lilting Love's most witching strain,

'Tis Marion lightly singing,

With fingers deft she flingeth the gate

Wide open to the herd,

And Robin is paid by the milking-maid

With a smile and a kind, kind word.

Gentle there, good Brindle,

Yield your milk to me!

So, so Cherry, spare your best

To serve for Robin's tea!

ROBERT ELLIOTT.

"Tamlaghmore"—Plover Mills.